



The Toy Shop.

Published May 10: 1775.

THE
TOY-SHOP.

To which are added,

EPISTLES and POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

By ROBERT DODSLEY.

A NEW EDITION.



LONDON:

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MDCCLXXV.

John Thompson



1606/1819

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

MASTER of the Shop.

1 }
2 } GENTLEMAN.
3 }
4 }

BEAU.

1 }
2 } OLD MAN.

W O M E N.

1 }
2 } LADY.
3 }
4 }





A N
E P I S T L E

T O.

A F R I E N D in the C O U N T R Y.

S I R,

THE opinion which you say has prevailed with some, that this piece is not my own, but from a better hand, gives me too much pleasure to be angry, and would do me too much honour to contradict, did it not shew their want of judgement who entertain it. I should be very glad, if I could persuade myself there were any just grounds in the merit of the thing to countenance such an opinion; but since it has been so favourably received, that I am now to print an eighth edition of it, I find I have pride enough to vindicate to myself any credit I may receive from it.

You may remember, long before I had the honour of being known to Mr. POPE, the regard I had for him; and it was a great mortification to me, that I used to think myself too inconsiderable ever to merit his notice or esteem. However, some time after I had wrote the *Trifler*, hoping there was something in it which might recommend it to him in a moral capacity, at least, tho' not in a poetical one, I sent to him, and desired his opinion of it; expressing some doubt that, tho' I designed it for the stage, yet, unless its novelty would recommend it, I

A 2.

was

was afraid it would not bear a public representation, and therefore had not offered it to the actors.

In answer to this, I received the following instance of Mr. POPE's good-nature and humanity.

S I R,

Feb. 5, 1732-3.

I Was very willing to read your piece, and do freely tell you, I like it, as far as my particular judgement goes. Whether it has action enough to please on the stage, I doubt: But the morality and satire ought to be relished by the reader. I will do more than you ask me; I will recommend it to Mr. *Rich*. If he can join it to any play, with suitable representations, to make it an entertainment, I believe he will give you a benefit night; and I sincerely wish it may be turned any way to your advantage, or that I could shew you my friendship in any instance.

I am, &c.

A. POPE.

He was as good as his word; he recommended it to Mr. *Rich*; by his interest it was brought upon the stage; and by the indulgence of the town, it was very favourably received.

This is the history of the *Toy-shop*; and I shall always think myself happy in having wrote it, since it first procured me the favour and acquaintance of Mr. POPE.

I am, &c.

R. DODSLEY.

INTRO.

INTRODUCTION.

Enter a Gentleman and two Ladies.

GENTLEMAN.



AND you have never been at this extraordinary Toy-Shop, you say, madam?

1 *La.* No, Sir: I heard of the man, indeed; but most people say, he's a very impertinent, silly fellow.

Gent. That's because he sometimes tells them of their faults.

1 *La.* And that's sufficient. I should think any man impertinent that should pretend to tell me of my faults, if they did not concern him.

Gent. Yes, madam. But people that know him take no exceptions. And really, tho' some may think him impertinent, in my opinion he's very entertaining.

2 *La.* Pray, who is the man you are talking of? I never heard of him.

Gent. He's one who has lately set up a Toy-Shop, madam, and is, perhaps, the most extraordinary person in his way that ever was heard of. He is a general satirist, yet not rude nor ill-natur'd. He has got a custom of moralizing upon every trifle he sells, and will strike a lesson or instruction out of a snuff-box, a thimble, or a cockle-shell.

1 *La.*

3 INTRODUCTION.

1 *La.* Isn't he craz'd?

Gent. Madam, he may be call'd a humourist; but does not want sence, I do assure you.

2 *La.* Methinks I should be glad to see him.

Gent. I dare say you will be very much diverted. And if you will give me leave, I'll wait on you. I'm particularly acquainted with him.

2 *La.* What say you, madam, shall we go?

1 *La.* I can't help thinking he's a coxcomb; however, to satisfy my curiosity, I don't care if I do.

Gent. I believe the coach is at the door.

2 *La.* I hope he won't affront us.

Gent. He won't designedly, I'm sure, madam.

[*Exeunt.*]



THE



THE

TOY-SHOP.

The SCENE opens, and discovers the Toy-Shop; the Master standing behind the Counter, looking over his Books.

MASTER.

METHINKS I have had a tolerable good day of it to-day. A gold watch, five and thirty guineas---let me see---what did that watch stand me in?---Where is it? O here---Lent to lady *Basset* eighteen guineas upon her gold watch. Aye, she died and never redeemed it.---A set of old china, five pounds,---bought of an old cloaths man for five shillings. Right. A curious shell for a snuff-box, two guineas.---Bought of a poor fisher-boy for a half-penny. Now if I had offered that shell for six-pence, nobody would have bought it. Well, thanks to the whimsical extravagance and folly of mankind! I believe, from these childish toys, and gilded baubles,

* *Turning to another book backwards, and forwards,*
I shall

I shall pick up a comfortable maintenance. For, really, as it is a trifling age, so nothing but trifles are valued in it. Men read nothing but trifling authors, pursue none but trifling amusements, and contend for none but trifling opinions. A trifling fellow is preferred; a trifling woman admired. Nay, as if there were not real trifles enow, they now make trifles of the most serious and valuable things. Their time, their health, their money, their reputation, are trifled away. Honesty is become a trifle, conscience a trifle, honour a mere trifle, and religion the greatest trifle of all.

Enter the Gentleman and Two Ladies.

Mast. Sir, your humble servant; I'm very glad to see you.

Gent. Sir, I am yours. I have brought you some customers here.

Mast. You are very good, Sir. What do you please to want, ladies?

1 La. Please to want! people seldom please to want any thing, Sir.

Mast. O dear, madam, yes; I always imagine, when people come into a toy-shop; it must be for something they please to want.

2 La. Here is a mighty pretty looking-glass; pray, Sir, what's the price of it?

Mast. This looking-glass, madam, is the finest in all England. In this glass a coquet may see her vanity, and a prude her hypocrisy. Some ladies may see more beauty than modesty, more airs than graces, and more wit than good-nature.

1 La. (Aside.) He begins already.

Mast. If a beau was to buy this glass, and look earnestly in it, he might see his folly almost as soon as his finery. 'Tis true, some people may not see their generosity in it, nor others their charity; yet it is a very clear glass. Some fine gentlemen may not see their good-manners in it, perhaps, nor some parsons their religion; yet it is a very clear glass. In short, tho' every one that passes for a maid should not happen to see a virgin in it, yet it may be a very clear glass, you know, for all that.

2 La.

2 *La.* Yes, Sir, but I did not ask you the virtues of it; I asked you the price.

Maſt. It was neceſſary to tell you the virtues, madam, in order to prevent your ſcrupling the price, which is five guineas; and for ſo extraordinary a glaſs, in my opinion, is but a trifle.

2 *La.* Lord! I'm afraid to look in it, methinks, leſt it ſhould ſhew me more of my faults than I care to ſee.

1 *La.* Pray, Sir, what can be the uſe of this very diminutive piece of goods here?

Maſt. This box, madam? In the firſt place, it is a very great curioſity, being the leaſt box that ever was ſeen in *England*.

1 *La.* Then a very little curioſity had been more proper.

Maſt. Right, madam. Yet, would you think it? in this ſame little box, a courtier may depoſit his ſincerity, a lawyer may ſcrew up his honeſty, and a poet may—hoard his money.

Gent. Ha! ha! I will make a preſent of it to Mr. *Stanza* for the very ſame purpoſe.

2 *La.* Here's a fine perſpective. Now, I think, madam, in the country theſe are a very pretty amuſement.

Maſt. Oh, madam, the moſt uſeful and diverting things imaginable, either in town or country. The nature of this glaſs, madam, (pardon my impertinence in pretending to tell you what to be ſure you are as well acquainted with as myſelf) is this; if you look through it at this end, every object is magnified, brought near, and diſcerned with the greateſt plainneſs; but turn it the other way, do you ſee, and they are all leſſened, caſt at a great diſtance, and rendered almoſt imperceptible. Thro' this end it is that we look at our own faults; but when other people are to be examined, we are ready enough to turn the other. Thro' this end are viewed all the benefits and advantages we at any time receive from others; but if ever we happen to confer any, they are ſure to be ſhewn in their greateſt magnitude thro' the other. Through this end we enviously darken and contract the virtue, the merit, the beauty, of all the world around

around us; but fondly compliment our own with the most agreeable and advantageous light thro' the other.

2 *La.* Why, Sir, methinks you are a new kind of a satirical parson; your shop is your scripture, and every piece of goods a different text, from which you expose the vices and follies of mankind in a very fine allegorical sermon.

Maft. Right, madam, right; I thank you for the simile. I may be called a parson, indeed, and am a very good one in my way. I take delight in my calling, and am never better pleased than to see a full congregation. Yet it happens to me, as it does to most of my brethren; people sometimes vouchsafe to take home the text, perhaps, but mind the sermon no more than if they had not heard one.

1 *La.* Why, Sir, when a short text has more in it than a long sermon, it's no wonder if they do.

Enter a third Lady.

3 *La.* Pray, Sir, let me look at some of your little dogs.

2 *La.* (*Aside.*) Little dogs! my stars! how cheaply some people are entertained! Well, it's a sign human conversation is grown low and insipid, whilst that of dogs and monkeys is preferred to it.

Maft. Here are very beautiful dogs, madam. These dogs, when they were alive, were some of them the greatest dogs of their age. I don't mean the largest, but dogs of the greatest quality and merit.

1 *La.* I love a dog of merit dearly. Has not he a dog of honour too, I wonder? (*Aside.*)

Maft. Here's a dog now that never eat but upon plate or china, nor set his foot but upon a carpet or a cushion. Here's one too; this dog belonged to a lady of as great beauty and fortune as any in England; he was her most intimate friend and particular favourite; and upon that account he received more compliments, more respect, and more addresses, than a first minister of state. Here's another, which was, doubtless, a dog of singular worth and great importance, since, at his death, one of the greatest families in the kingdom were all in tears, and received no visits for the space of a week, but shut themselves up and mourned their loss with inconsolable sorrow.

This

This dog, while he lived, either for contempt of his person, neglect of his business, or saucy and impertinent behaviours in their attendance on him, had the honour of turning away upwards of thirty servants. He died at last of a cold caught by following one of the maids into a damp room, for which she lost her place, her wages, and her character.

3 *La.* O the careless, wicked wretch! I would have had her tried for murder at least. That, that, is just my case! the sad relation revives my grief so strongly, I cannot contain. *Lucy*, bring in the box.* See! see! the charming creature here lies dead! Its precious life is gone! Oh, my dear *Chloe*, no more wilt thou be hugg'd in my warm bosom! no more will that sweet tongue lick o'er my face, nor that dear mouth eat dainty bits from mine! Oh, death, what hast thou robbed me of!

Gent. (*Aside.*) A proper object to display your folly!

Mast. Pray, madam, moderate your grief; you ought to thank heaven 'tis not your husband.

3 *La.* Oh, what is husband, father, mother, son, to my dear precious *Chloe*?-----No, no, I cannot live without the sight of his dear image; and if you cannot make me the exact effigies of this poor dead creature, I must never hope to see one happy day in life.

Mast. Well, madam, be comforted; I will do it to your satisfaction. (*Taking the box.*)

3 *La.* Let me have one look more. Poor creature! O cruel fate, that dogs are born to die!

(*Exit weeping.*)

Gent. What a scene is here! Are not the real and unavoidable evils of life sufficient, that people thus create themselves imaginary woes?

Mast. These, Sir, are the griefs of those who have no other. Did they once truly feel the real miseries of life, ten thousand dogs might die without a tear.

* Here her maid enters and delivers a box, from which the lady pulls out a dead dog, kissing it, and weeping. *Lucy* too pretends great sorrow, but turning aside bursts out a laughing, and cries, She little thinks I poison'd it!

Enter a second Gentleman.

2 *Gent.* I want an ivory pocket-book.

Mast. Do you please to have it with directions or without?

2 *Gent.* Directions! what, how to use it?

Mast. Yes, Sir.

2 *Gent.* I should think every man's own business his best direction.

Mast. It may be so. Yet there are some general rules which it equally behoves every man to be acquainted with. As for instance: Always to make a memorandum of the benefits you receive from others; always to set down the faults or failings which from time to time you discover in yourself: And, if you remark any thing that is ridiculous or faulty in others, let it not be with an ill-natured design to hurt or expose them, at any time; but with a *nota bene*, that it is only for a caution to yourself, not to be guilty of the like: With a great many other rules of such a nature as makes one of my pocket-books both a useful monitor, and a very entertaining companion.

2 *Gent.* And pray, what's the price of one of them?

Mast. The price is a guinea, Sir.

2 *Gent.* That's very dear. But as it is a curiosity---
(*Pays for it, and Exit.*)

Enter a Beau.

Beau. Pray, Sir, let me see some of your handsomest snuff-boxes.

Mast. Here's a plain gold one, Sir, a very neat box; here's a gold enamelled; here's a silver one neatly carved and gilt; here's a curious shell, Sir, set in gold.

Beau. Damn your shells; there's not one of them fit for a gentleman to put his fingers into. I want one with some pretty device on the inside of the lid; something that may serve to joke upon, or help one too on occasion to be witty, that is, smutty, now and then.

Mast. And are witty and smutty then synonymous terms?

Beau. O

Beau. O dear, Sir, yes; a little decent smut is the very life of all conversation; 'tis the wit of drawing-rooms, assemblies, and tea-tables; 'tis the smart rail-lery of fine gentlemen, and the innocent freedom of fine ladies; 'tis a *double entendre*, at which the coquet laughs, the prude looks grave, the modest blush, but all are pleased with.

Maft. That it is the wit and entertainment of all conversation, I believe, Sir, may, possibly, be a mistake. 'Tis true, those who are so rude as to use it in all conversation may possibly be so depraved themselves, as to fancy every body else as agreeably entertained in hearing it, as they are in uttering it: But I dare say, any man or woman of real virtue and modesty has as little taste for such ribaldry, as those coxcombs have for what is good sense, or true politeness.

Beau. Good sense, Sir! damme, Sir, what do you mean? I would have you think, I know good sense as well as any man. Good sense is a true---- a right ----a----a----a---- damn it, I scorn to be so pedantic as to make definitions; but I can invent a cramp oath, Sir; drink a smutty health, Sir; ridicule priests, laugh at all religion, and make such a grave prig as you look just like a fool, Sir. Now, damme, I take that to be good sense.

Maft. And I, unmov'd, can hear such senseless ridicule, and look upon its author with an eye of pity and contempt. And I take this to be good sense.

Beau. Pshaw, pshaw, damn'd hypocrisy and affectation; nothing else, nothing else. [Exit.]

Maft. There is nothing so much my aversion as a coxcomb. They are a ridicule upon human nature, and make one almost ashamed to be of the same species. And, for that reason, I can't forbear affronting them, whenever they fall in my way. I hope the ladies will excuse such behaviour in their presence.

2 *La.* Indeed, Sir, I wish we had always somebody to treat them with such behaviour in our presence. 'Twould be much more agreeable than their impertinence.

Enter a young Gentleman.

3 *Gent.* I want a plain gold ring, Sir, exactly this size.

B 2

Maft.

Mist. Then, 'tis not for yourself, Sir?

3^d Gent. No.

Mist. A wedding-ring, I presume.

3^d Gent. No, Sir; I thank you kindly; that's a toy I never design to play with. 'Tis the most dangerous piece of goods in your whole shop. People are perpetually doing themselves a mischief with it. They hang themselves fast together first, and afterwards are ready to hang themselves separately, to get loose again.

1st La. This is but a fashionable cant. I'll be hang'd if this pretended railer at matrimony is not just upon the point of making some poor woman miserable. (*Aside.*)

3^d Gent. Well ---- happy are we whilst we are children; we can then lay down one toy, and take up another, and please ourselves with variety: But, growing more foolish as we grow older, there's no toy will please us then but a wife; and that, indeed, as it is a toy for life, so it is all toys in one. She is a rattle in a man's ears which he cannot throw aside; a drum which is perpetually beating him a point of war; a top which he ought to whip for his exercise; for, like that, she is best when lash'd to sleep; a hobby-horse for the booby to ride on when the maggot takes him; a----

Mast. You may go on, Sir, in this ludicrous strain, if you please, and fancy 'tis wit; but, in my opinion, a good wife is the greatest blessing, and the most valuable possession, that Heaven, in this life, can bestow. She makes the cares of the world fit easy, and adds a sweetness to its pleasures; she is a man's best companion in prosperity, and his only friend in adversity; the carefullest preserver of his health, and the kindest attendant on his sickness; a faithful adviser in distress, a comforter in affliction, and a prudent manager of all his domestic affairs.

2^d La. Charming doctrine!

(*Aside.*)

3^d Gent. Well, Sir, since I find you so staunch an advocate for matrimony, I confess 'tis a wedding-ring I want; the reason why I deny'd it, and of what I said in ridicule of marriage, was only to avoid the ridicule which I expected from you upon it.

Mast.

Maft. Why, that now is juft the way of the world in every thing, efpecially amongst young people: They are afhamed to do a good action, becaufe it is not a fashionable one; and, in compliance with cuftom, act contrary to their own confcience. They difpleafe themfelves, to pleafe the coxcombs of the world; and chufe rather to be objects of divine wrath, than human ridicule.

3 Gent. 'Tis very true, indeed. There is not one man in ten thoufand that dares be virtuous, for fear of being fingular. 'Tis a weaknefs which I have hitherto been too much guilty of myfelf; but for the future, I am refolv'd upon a more fteady rule of action.

Maft. I am very glad of it. Here's your ring, Sir; I think it comes to about a guinea.

3 Gent. There's the money.

Maft. Sir, I wifh you all the joy that a good wife can give you.

3 Gent. I thank you, Sir.

1 La. Well, Sir, but after all, don't you think marriage a kind of desperate venture?

Maft. It is a desperate venture, madam, to be fure. But, provided there be a tolerable fhare of fenfe and difcretion on the man's part, and of mildnefs and condefcenfion on the woman's, there is no danger of leading as happy and comfortable a life in that ftate as in any other.

Enter a fourth Lady.

4 La. I want a mask, Sir; have you got any?

Maft. No, madam, I have not one, indeed. The people of this age are arrived at fuch perfection in the art of masking themfelves, that they have no occafion for any foreign difguifes at all. You fhall find infidelity mask'd in a gown and caffock; and wantonnefs and immodesty under a blufhing countenance. Oppreffion is veil'd under the name of juftice; and fraud and cunning under that of wifdom. The fool is mask'd under an affected gravity; and the vileft hypocrite under the greateft professions of fincerity. The flatterer paffes upon you under the air of a friend; and he that now hugs you in his bofom, for a fhil-

ling would cut your throat. Calumny and detraction impose themselves upon the world for wit; and an eternal laugh would fain be thought good-nature. An humble demeanour is assumed from a principle of pride; and the wants of the indigent relieved out of ostentation. In short, worthlessness and villainy are oft disguised and dignified in gold and jewels, whilst honesty and merit lie hid under rags and misery. The whole world is in a mask; and it is impossible to see the natural face of any one individual.

4 *La.* That's a mistake, Sir; you yourself are an instance, that no disguise will hide a coxcomb; and so your humble servant. [Exit.

Mast. Humph!-----Have I been just now exclaiming against coxcombs, and am accused of being one myself? Well---we can none of us see the ridiculous part of our own characters. Could we but once learn to criticise ourselves, and to find out and expose to ourselves our own weak sides, it would be the surest means to conceal them from the criticism of others. But I would fain hope I am not a coxcomb, methinks, whatever I am else.

Gent. I suppose you have said something which her conscience would not suffer her to pass over without making the ungrateful application to herself; and that, as it often happens, instead of awaking in her a sense of her fault, has only served to put her in a passion.

Mast. May be so indeed: At least I am willing to think so.

Enter an Old Man.

O. M. I want a pair of spectaeles, Sir.

Mast. Do you please to have them plain tortoise-shell, or set in gold or silver?

O. M. Pho! Do you think I buy spectacles as your fine gentlemen buy books? if I wanted a pair of spectacles only to look at, I would have them fine ones; but as I want them to look with, do you see, I'll have them good ones.

Mast. Very well, Sir. Here's a pair. I'm sure will please you. Thro' these spectacles all the follies of youth are seen in their true light. Those vices which

to the strongest youthful eyes appear in characters scarce legible, are, thro' these glasses, discern'd with the greatest plainness. A powder'd wig upon an empty head attracts no more respect thro' these opticks than a greasy cap; and the laced coat of a coxcomb seems altogether as contemptible as his footman's livery.

O. M. That, indeed, is shewing things in their true light.

Mast. The common virtue of the world appears only a cloak for knavery; and its friendships no more than bargains of self-interest. In short, he who is now passing away his days in a constant round of vanity, folly, intemperance, and extravagance, when he comes seriously to look back upon his past actions, through these undisguising opticks, will certainly be convinced, that a regular life, spent in the study of truth and virtue, and adorned with acts of justice, generosity, charity, and benevolence, would not only have afforded him more delight and satisfaction in the present moment, but would likewise have raised to his memory a lasting monument of fame and honour.

O. M. Humph! 'Tis very true; but very odd that such serious ware should be the commodity of a toy-shop. [Aside.] Well, Sir, what's the price of these extraordinary spectacles?

Mast. Half a crown.

O. M. There's your money. [Exit.]

Enter a Fourth young Gentleman.

4th Gent. I want a pair of scales.

Mast. You shall have them, Sir.

4th Gent. Are they exactly true?

Mast. The very emblem of Justice, Sir; a hair will turn them.

[Balancing the scales.]

4th Gent. I would have them true, for they must determine some very nice statical experiments.

Mast. I'll engage they shall justly determine the nicest experiments in staticks. I have tried them myself in some uncommon subjects, and have proved their goodness. I have taken a large handful of great men's promises, and put into one end; and lo! the breath of a fly in the other has kicked up the beam.

I have

I have seen four peacock's feathers, and the four gold clocks in Lord *Tawdry's* stockings, suspend the scales in equilibrio. I have found by experience, that the learning of a beau, and the wit of a pedant, are a just counterpoise to each other; that the pride and vanity of any man are in exact proportion to his ignorance; that a grain of good-nature will preponderate against an ounce of wit; a heart full of virtue against a head full of learning; and a thimble full of content against a chest full of gold.

4 *Gent.* This must be a very pretty science, I fancy.

Maft. It would be endless to enumerate all the experiments that might be made in these scales; but there is one which every man ought to be appriz'd of; and that is, that a moderate fortune, enjoy'd with content, freedom, and independency, will turn the scales against whatever can be put in the other end.

4 *Gent.* Well, this is a branch of staticks, which, I must own, I had but little thought of entering into. However, I begin to be persuaded, that to know the true specifick gravity of this kind of subjects, is of infinitely more importance than that of any other bodies in the universe.

Maft. It is indeed. And that you may not want encouragement to proceed in so useful a study, I will let you have the scales for ten shillings. If you make a right use of them, they will be worth more to you than ten thousand pounds.

4 *Gent.* I confess I am struck with the beauty and usefulness of this kind of moral staticks, and I believe I shall apply myself to make experiments with great delight. There's your money, Sir: You shall hear shortly what discoveries I make; in the mean time, I am your humble servant. [Exit.

Maft. Sir, I am yours.

Enter a Second Old Man.

2 *O. M.* Sir, I understand you deal in curiosities. Have you any thing in your shop, at present, that's pretty and curious?

Maft.

Mast. Yes, Sir, I have a great many things: But the most ancient curiosity I have got, is a small brass plate, on which is engraved the speech which *Adam* made to his wife on their first meeting, together with her answer. The characters, thro' age, are grown unintelligible; but for that 'tis the more to be valued. What is remarkable in this ancient piece is, that *Eve's* speech is about three times as long as her husband's. I have a ram's horn, one of those which helped to blow down the walls of *Jericho*. A lock of *Sampson's* hair, tied up in a shred of *Joseph's* garment. With several other *Jewish* antiquities, which I purchased of that people at a very great price. Then I have the tune which *Orpheus* play'd to the devil when he charmed back his wife.

Gent. That was thought to be a silly tune, I believe, for nobody has ever cared to learn it.

Mast. Close corked up in a thumb phial, I have some of the tears which *Alexander* wept, because he could do no more mischief. I have a snuff-box made out of the tub in which *Diogenes* liv'd, and took snuff at all the world. I have the net in which *Vulcan* caught his spouse and her gallant: But our modern wives are grown so exceeding chaste, that there has not been an opportunity of casting it these many years.

Gent. Some would be so malicious as, instead of chaste, to think he meant cunning. [*Aside to the Ladies.*]

Mast. I have the pitch-pipe of *Gracchus* the Roman orator, who being apt, in dispute, to raise his voice too high, by touching a certain soft note in this pipe, would regulate and keep it in a moderate key.

2 La. Such a pipe as that, if it could be heard, would be very useful in coffee-houses, and other public places of debate and modern disputation.

Gent. Yes, madam, and, I believe, many a poor husband would be glad of such a regulator of the voice in his own private family too.

Mast. There you was even with her, Sir.-- But the most valuable curiosity I have, is a certain little tube, which I call a *Distinguisber*; contriv'd with such art, that, when rightly applied to the ear, it obstructs all falshood, nonsense, and absurdity, from
stri-

striking upon the tympanum : Nothing but truth and reason can make the least impression upon the auditory nerves. I have sat in a coffee-house sometimes, for the space of half an hour, and amongst what is generally called the best company, without hearing a single word. At a dispute too, when I could perceive, by the eager motions of both parties, that they made the greatest noise, I have enjoyed the most profound silence. It is a very useful thing to have about one, either at *Church, Play-house, or Westminster-Hall*; at all which places a vast variety both of useful and diverting experiments may be made with it. The only inconvenience attending it is, that no man can make himself a complete master of it under twenty years close and diligent practice. And that term of time is best commented at ten or twelve years old.

Gent. That, indeed, is an inconvenience that will make it not every body's money. But one would think those parents, who see the beauty and the usefulness of knowledge, virtue, and a distinguishing judgment, should take particular care to engage their children early in the use and practice of such a *Distinguisher*, whilst they have time before them, and no other concerns to interrupt their application.

Mast. Some few do. But the generality are so entirely taken up with the care of little master's complexion, his dress, his dancing, and such like effeminacies, that they have not the least regard for any internal accomplishments whatsoever; and are so far from teaching him to subdue his passions, that they make it their whole business to gratify them all.

O. M. Well, Sir; to some people these may be thought curious things, perhaps, and a very valuable collection. But, to confess the truth, these are not the sort of curious things I wanted. Have you no little box, representing a wounded heart on the inside of the lid? Nor pretty ring, with an amorous posy? Nothing of that sort, which is pretty and not common, in your shop?

Mast. O yes, Sir! I have a pretty snuff-box here; on the inside of the lid, do you see, is a man of three-score and ten acting the lover, and hunting, like a boy, after gewgaws and trifles to please a girl with.

O. M.

2 O. M. Meaning me, Sir? Do you banter me, Sir?

Maft. If you take it to yourself, Sir, I can't help it.

2 O. M. And is a person of my years and gravity to be laughed at?

Maft. Why, really, Sir, years and gravity do make such childishness very ridiculous, I can't help owning. However, I am very sorry I have none of those curious trifles for your diversion; but I have delicate hobby-horses and rattles, if you please.

2 O. M. By all the charms of *Araminta*, I will revenge this affront. [Exit.

Gent. Ha! ha! ha! How contemptible is rage in impotence! But, pray, Sir, don't you think this kind of freedom with your customers detrimental to your trade?

Maft. No, no, Sir; the odd character I have acquired by this rough kind of sincerity and plain-dealing, together with the whimsical humour of moralizing upon every trifle I sell, are the things, which, by raising people's curiosity, furnish me with all my customers: And it is only fools and coxcombs I am so free with.

1 La. And, in my opinion, you are in the right of it. Folly and impertinence ought always to be the objects of satire and ridicule.

Gent. Nay, upon second thoughts, I don't know but this odd turn of mind, which you have given yourself, may not only be entertaining to several of your customers, but perhaps very much so to yourself.

Maft. Vastly so, Sir. It very often helps me to speculations infinitely agreeable. I can sit behind this counter, and fancy my little shop, and the transactions of it, an agreeable representation of the grand theatre of the world. When I see a fool come in here, and throw away fifty or an hundred guineas for a trifle that is not really worth a shilling, I am surpriz'd. But when I look out into the world, and see lordships and manors barter'd away for gilt coaches and equipage; an estate for a title; and an easy freedom in retirement for a servile attendance in a crowd; when I see health with eagerness exchanged for diseases, and happiness for a game at hazard, my wonder ceases. Surely the world is a great toy-shop, and all its in-
ha-

habitants run mad for rattles. Nay, even the very wisest of us, however we may flatter ourselves, have some failing or weakness, some toy or trifle, that we are ridiculously fond of. Yet, so very partial are we to our own selves, that we overlook those miscarriages in our own conduct, which we loudly exclaim against in that of others; and tho' the same fool's turban fits us all;

*You say that I, I say that you are he,
And each man swears, "The cap's not made for me."*

Gent. Ha! ha! 'Tis very true, indeed. But I imagine now you begin to think it time to shut up shop. Ladies, do you want any thing else?

La. No, I think not.----If you please to put up that looking-glass, and the perspective, I will pay you for them.

Gent. Well, madam, how do you like this whimsical humourist?

La. Why, really, in my opinion, the man's as great a curiosity himself as any thing he has got in his shop.

Gent. He is so indeed.

*In this gay, thoughtless age, he's found a way,
In trifling things just morals to convey;
'Tis his at once to please, and to reform,
And give old satire a new power to charm.
And, would you guide your lives and actions right,
Think on the maxims you have heard to-night.*



EPILOGUE.

WELL, Heav'n be prais'd, this dull, grave sermon's done ;

(For faith our Author might have call'd it one.)

I wonder who the devil he thought to please !

Is this a time of day for things like these !

Good sense and honest satire now offend ;

We're grown too wise to learn, too proud to mend ;

And so divinely wrapt in songs and tunes,

The next wise age will all be----fiddlers sons.

And did he think plain truth would favour find ?

Ah ! 'tis a sign he little knows mankind !

To please, he ought to have a song or dance,

The tune from Italy, the caper France :

These, these might charm---- But hope to do't with sense,

Alas ! alas ! how vain is the pretence !

But, tho' we told him,----faith, 'twill never do----

Pho ! never fear, he cry'd, tho' grave, 'tiss new :

The whim, perhaps, may please, if not the wit,

And, tho' they don't approve, they may permit.

If neither this nor that will intercede,

Submissive bend, and thus for pardon plead.

“ Ye gen'rous few, to you our Author sues,

“ His first Essay with candour to excuse ;

“ 'T has faults, he owns, but if they are but small,

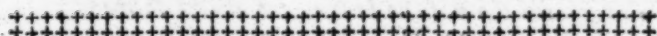
“ He hopes your kind applause will hide them all.”



EPISTLES and POEMS

O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.



To the Dutches of PORTLAND on her Marriage.

FAME now has founded far and wide,
 That beauteous HARLEY the fair bride
 Of gen'rous PORTLAND is to shine,
 And Heav'n approves the great design.
 All joy attend the happy pair!
 O muse, thy choicest song prepare,
 At once thy just devoirs to pay,
 And aid the mirth of that great day.
 But what to say?----I can't proceed----
 " A pretty compliment indeed!
 " Is HARLEY's daughter to be wed;
 " And can no handsome thing be said?"
 A sharp and just reproof, I own;
 But tell me-----What is to be done?
 She shines above our highest praise,
 Yet shuns the justest, humblest lays;
 And that's so very odd, you know,
 A poet knows not what to do.
 I could, 'tis true, on this occasion,
 Mount up to Heav'n, as 'tis the fashion;
 Make goddesses to her submit,
Venus in beauty, *Pallas* wit;

A thou-

A thousand pretty things run o'er,
 Each said a thousand times before ;
 With all the graces fill my strains,
 And then-----be laugh'd at for my pains:
 No, no ; such common-place forbear,
 There's no occasion for it here ;
 Here truth, in plain and modest words,
 The finest character affords ;
 And just to paint her as she is,
 Will be the fairest, loveliest piece.
 But I forbear-----I dare not try-----
 Yet give me leave to prophesy :
 " If beauty, without affectation,
 " A temper void of heat or passion ;
 " If modesty with sweetness join'd,
 " Not over fond, yet ever kind ;
 " A lively wit, a judgment clear ;
 " A soul good-natur'd and sincere ;
 " A breast with tend'rest passions warm,
 " And ev'ry modest art to charm ;
 " If these are blessings in a wife,
 " PORTLAND is blest ; is blest for life."

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*Mrs. PEARSE'S Salutation to her Garden in the
 Country.*

WELCÔME, fair scene ; welcome, thou lov'd
 retreat,
 From the vain hurry of the bustling great.
 Here let me walk, or in this fragrant bow'r,
 Wrap'd in calm thought, improve each fleeting hour.
 My soul, while nature's beauties feast mine eyes,
 To nature's God contemplative shall rise.

What are ye now, ye glitt'ring, vain delights,
 Which waste our days, and rob us of our nights ?
 What your allurements ? What your fancy'd joys ?
 Dress, equipage, and show, and pomp, and noise ?
 Alas ! how tasteless these, how low, how mean,
 To the calm pleasures of this rural scene !

Come then, ye shades, beneath your bending arms
 Enclose the fond admirer of your charms;
 Come then, ye bow'rs, receive your joyful guest,
 Glad to retire, and in retirement blest;
 Come, ye fair flow'rs, and open ev'ry sweet;
 Come, little birds, your warbling songs repeat.
 And O descend, to sweeten all the rest,
 Soft-smiling peace, in white-rob'd virtue drest;
 Content unenvious, ease with freedom join'd;
 And contemplation calm, with truth refin'd:
 Deign but in this fair scene with me to dwell,
 All noise and nonsense, pomp and show farewell.

And see! O see! the Heav'n-born train appear.
 Fix then, my heart; thy happiness is here.

+++++

*To my Lord BEAUCHAMP, with a Collection of
 Stories.*

RECEIVE, my lord, these virtuous tales,
 Adapted to your age;
 Virtue in noble minds prevails,
 And early will engage.

As time, with * Dalton's care, combin'd,
 With strength your mind endues;
 Sublimar thoughts will entrance find,
 And more extended views.

These little tales which once you priz'd,
 As trifles then thrown by,
 Will lie forgotten, or despis'd;
 Alas! and shall not I?

* Vid. *An Epistle to a young Nobleman.*

KITTY.

†§†§†§†§†§†§†§†§†§†§†§†§†§†§†§†§†§†§†

K I T T Y. *A Pastoral.*

I.

BENEATH a cool shade, by the side of a stream,
Thus breath'd a fond shepherd, his KITTY his
[Theme
Thy beauties comparing, my dearest, said he,
There's nothing in nature so lovely as thee.

II.

Tho' distance divides us, I view thy dear face,
And wander in transport o'er every grace;
Now, now I behold thee, sweet-smiling and pretty;
O Gods! you've made nothing so fair as my KERRY!

III.

Come, lovely idea, come fill my fond arms,
And whilst in soft rapture I gaze on thy charms,
The beautiful objects which round me arise
Shall yield to those beauties that live in thine eyes.

IV.

Now FLORA the meads and the groves does adorn,
With flowers and blossoms on every thorn;
But look on my KITTY !---there sweetly does blow
A spring of more beauties than FLORA can show.

V.

See, see how that rose there adorns the gay bush,
And, proud of its colour, would vie with her blush.
Vain boaster! thy beauties shall quickly decay;
She blushes----and see how it withers away.

VI.

Observe that fair lily, the pride of the vale,
 In whiteness unrival'd, now droop and look pale :
 It sickens, and changes its beautiful hue,
 And bows down its head in submission to you.

VII.

The zephyrs that fan me beneath the cool shade,
 When, panting with heat, on the ground I am laid,
 Are less grateful and sweet than the heavenly air
 That breathes from her lips, when she whispers---*my dear.*

VIII.

I hear the gay lark, as she mounts in the skies;
 How sweet are her notes! how delightful her voice!
 Go, dwell in the air, little warbler, go!
 I have music enough while my KITTY's below.

IX.

With pleasure I watch the industrious bee,
 Extracting her sweets from each flower and tree;
 Ah fools! thus to labour to keep you alive!
 Fly, fly to her lips, and at once fill your hive.

X.

See there, on the top of that oak, how the doves
 Sit brooding each other, and cooing their loves:
 Our loves are thus tender, thus mutual our joy,
 When folded on each other's bosom we lie.

XI.

It glads me to see how the pretty young lambs
 Are fondled, and cherish'd, and lov'd by their dams:
 The lambs are less pretty, my dearest, than thee;
 Their dams are less fond, nor so tender as me.

XII. As

XII.

As I gaze on the river that smoothly glides by,
 Thus even and sweet is her temper, I cry;
 Thus clear is her mind, thus calm and serene,
 And virtue, like gems, at the bottom is seen.

XIII.

Here various flowers still paint the gay scene,
 And as some fade and die, others bud and look green;
 The charms of my KITTY are constant as they;
 Her virtues will bloom as her beauties decay.

XIV.

But in vain I compare her, here's nothing so bright,
 And darkness approaches to hinder my sight:
 To bed I will hasten, and there all her charms,
 In softer ideas, I'll bring to my arms.



On GOOD and ILL-NATURE.

To Mr. POPE.

IN virtue's cause to draw a daring pen,
 Defend the good, encounter wicked men:
 Freely to praise the virtues of the few,
 And boldly censure the degen'rate crew:
 To scorn, with equal justice, to deride
 The poor man's worth, or sooth the great one's pride:
 All this was once good-nature thought, not ill;
 Nay, some there are so odd to think so still.
 Old-fashion'd souls! your men of modern taste
 Are with new virtue, new politeness grac'd.
 Good-nature now has chang'd her honest face,
 For smiling flatt'ry, compliment, grimace:

Fool

Fool grins at fool, each coxcomb owns his brother,
 And thieves and sharpers compliment each other.
 To such extent good-nature now is spread,
 To be sincere is monstrously ill-bred :
 An equal brow to all is now the vogue,
 And complaisance goes round from rogue to rogue.
 If this be good-----'tis gloriously true,
 The most ill-natur'd man-alive is YOU.



RELIGION, *A Simile.*

I'M often drawn to make a stop,
 And gaze upon a picture-shop.
 There have I seen (as who that tarries
 Has not the same ?) a head that varies,
 And, as in different views expos'd,
 A differ'nt figure is disclos'd.
 This way a fool's head is express'd,
 Whose very count'nance is a jest ;
 Such as were formerly at court,
 Kept to make wiser people sport.
 Turn it another way, you'll have
 A face ridiculously grave,
 Something betwixt the fool and knave.
 Again, but alter the position,
 You're frighted with the apparition :
 A hideous threat'ning Gorgon head
 Appears, enough to fright the dead.
 But place it in its proper light,
 A lovely face accosts the sight ;
 Our eyes are charm'd with ev'ry feature ;
 We own the whole a beauteous creature.

Thus true religion fares. For when,
 By silly or designing men,
 In false or foolish lights 'tis plac'd,
 'Tis made a bugbear, or a jest

Here

Here by a set of men 'tis thought
 A scheme, by politicians wrought,
 To strengthen and enforce the law,
 And keep the vulgar more in awe :
 And these, to shew sublimer parts,
 Cast all religion from their hearts ;
 Brand all its vot'ries as the tools
 Of priests, and politicians fools.

Some view it in another light,
 Less wicked, but as foolish quite :
 And these are such as blindly place it
 In superstitions that disgrace it ;
 And think the essence of it lies
 In ceremonious fooleries ;
 In points of faith and speculation,
 Which tend to nothing but vexation.
 With these it is a heinous crime
 To cough or spit in sermon-time ;
 'Tis worse to whistle on a *Sunday*,
 Than cheat their neighbours on a *Monday* :
 To dine without first saying grace, is
 Enough to lose in heaven their places :
 But goodness, honesty, and virtue,
 Are what they've not the least regard to.

Others there are, and not a few,
 Who place it in the bugbear view !
 Think it consists in strange severities ;
 In fastings, weepings, and austerities,
 False notions their weak minds possess,
 Of faith, and grace, and holiness :
 And as the Lord's of purer eyes
 Than to behold iniquities ;
 They think, unless they're pure and spotless,
 All their endeavours will be bootless,
 And dreadful furies in *eternum*,
 In unconsuming fires will burn 'em.

But, O how happy are the few,
 Who place it in its proper view !
 To these it shines divinely bright ;
 No clouds obscure its native light :

Truth

Truth stamps conviction on the mind;
 All doubts and fears are left behind,
 And peace and joy at once an entrance find.

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The Case of POPE, A Prophecy.

WHEN dark oblivion in her sable cloak
 Shall wrap the names of heroes and of kings;
 And their high deeds, submitting to the stroke
 Of time, shall fall amongst forgotten things:

Then (for the muse that distant day can see)
 On *Thames's* banks the stranger shall arrive,
 With curious wish thy sacred grot to see;
 Thy sacred grot shall with thy name survive.

Grateful posterity, from age to age,
 With pious hand the ruin shall repair:
 Some good old man, to each enquiring sage
 Pointing the place, shall cry, The bard liv'd there;

Whose song was music to the list'ning ear,
 Yet taught audacious vice and folly shame;
 Easy his manners, but his life severe;
 His word alone gave infamy or fame.

Sequester'd from the fool and coxcomb-wit,
 Beneath this silent roof the muse he found;
 'Twas here he slept inspir'd, or sate and writ,
 Here with his friends the social glass went round.

With awful veneration shall they trace
 The steps which thou so long before hast trod;
 With rev'rend wonder view the solemn place,
 From whence thy genius soar'd to nature's God.
 Then,

Then, some small gem, or moss, or shining ore,
 Departing, each shall pilfer, in fond hope
 To please their friends, on ev'ry distant shore,
 Boasting a relick from the Cave of POPE.



The Progress of LOVE.

A S O N G.

Beneath the myrtle's secret shade,
 When *Delia* blest my eyes;
 At first I view'd the lovely maid
 In silent, soft surprize:
 With trembling voice, and anxious mind,
 I softly whisper'd love;
 She blush'd a smile so sweetly kind,
 Did all my fears remove.

Her lovely yielding form I prest,
 Sweet madd'ning kisses stole;
 As soon her swimming eyes confess'd
 The wishes of her soul:
 In wild, tumultuous bliss, I cry'd,
 O *Delia*, now be kind!
 She prest me close, and, with a sigh,
 To melting joys resign'd.



S O N G.

M A N's a poor deluded bubble,
 Wand'ring in a mist of lies,
 Seeing false, or seeing double,
 Who would trust to such weak eyes?
 Yet, presuming on his senses,
 On he goes most wond'rous wise:
 Doubts of truth, believes pretences;
 Lost in error, lives and dies.



*An EPIGRAM, occasioned by the Words ONE PRIOR,
in the Second Volume of Bishop Burnet's History.*

ONE PRIOR '-----and is this, this all the fame
The poet from th' historian can claim?
No; *Prior's* verse posterity shall quote,
When 'tis forgot ONE BURNET ever wrote.



An EPIGRAM.

CRIES *Sylvia* to a rev'rend dean,
What reason can be given,
Since marriage is a holy thing,
That there are none in heaven?

There are no women, he reply'd.
She quick returns the jest-----
Women there are, but I'm afraid
They cannot find a priest.



The KINGS of Europe.

A JEST.

WHY, pray, of late do *Europe's* kings
No jester in their courts admit?
They're grown such stately, solemn things,
To bear a joke they think not fit.
But tho' each court a jester lacks,
To laugh at monarchs to their face;
All mankind behind their backs
Supply the honest jester's place.

F I N I S.



